wooing; win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I ſhould win what you would enioy? Me thinkes you preſcribe to your ſelfe very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, vnderſtand my driſt; ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my ſoule dares not preſent it ſelfe; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelues, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattaild againſt me; what ſay you too't, Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Maſter *Broome*, I will firſt make bold with your mony, next, giue me your hand; and laſt, as I am a Gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enioy *Fords wife*.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no *Miſtreſſe Ford* (Maſter *Broome*) you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment, euen as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or goe-betweene, parted from me; I ſay I ſhall be with her betweene ten and eleuen, for at that time the iealious-raſcally-knaue her husband will be forth; come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance; do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore; They ſay the iealous wittolly-knaue hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well-fauourd: I will vſe her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harueſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, ſir, that you might auoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-ſalt-butter rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe-hum with my cudgell: it ſhall

ſhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Maſter *Broome*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate ouer the peazant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoone at night: *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggrauate his ſtile; thou (Maſter *Broome*) ſhalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me ſoone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Raſcall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who ſaies this is improuident iealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made; would any man haue thought this? ſee the hell of hauing a faire woman: my bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I ſhall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but ſtand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does me this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* ſounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbaſon*, wel; yet they are Diuels additions; the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himſelfe hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſſe, a ſecure Aſſe; hee will truſt his wife, hee will not bee iealous; I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, Perſon *Hugh* the *Welſhman* with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her ſelfe. Then ſhe plots, then ſhee rumiuates, then ſhee deuiſes; and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealouſie: eleuen o'clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falſtaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, beter three houres too ſoone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt.

Caius. Iacke Rugby.

Rugby.